

# Dwight's Journal of Music.

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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

## A New Acquaintance.

(From the Brown Papers.)

In the Spring a fine young fellow of some twenty-five years came into the village to make sketches for a popular pictorial journal. He was an acquaintance of our music teacher, and she sent him to me for information upon certain historical points connected with the subjects of his drawings. I conceived a great liking for him, and he has been much in the habit of spending his afternoons with me, chatting over his work or a cup of coffee and a cigar. He has the true artistic spirit, as is clear both from the poetry he throws into his drawings, and from the lofty and truthful principles which underlie his conversation.

I like him, too, because, trusting his genius, he has struggled bravely along, overcoming all obstacles, and is by degrees achieving success through hard labor and unconquerable perseverance. He devoted himself to Art in opposition to his father's will, who was willing to afford the necessary funds to enable him to go into any business which he would choose, but looked upon artists as a sort of genteel vagabonds. So he has had to work his own way. His name is Cary.

"I rather got the better of father, in the argument," he said, when telling me the story. "The old gentleman had been urging me to give up the crazy plan, as he called it, of abandoning all my excellent prospects of an honorable career and a competency, for the doubtful chances of a poor beggarly limner, and concluded by quoting for my benefit, 'Children, obey your parents, for this is right,' and putting the question to me whether my duty to him did not outweigh all that I had urged in favor of devoting myself to Art. 'But, father,' said I, 'haven't you omitted rather an essential part of that passage?' 'How so?' 'Why, I think it was thus, 'Children, obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right.' Now, it strikes me, that the Lord would not have given me my taste and talent for Art, to be buried in a napkin.' The governor laughed, and said, 'Well, perhaps you have the argument; but, my boy, I have the bank stock.'

"We have always been as affectionate as one could wish; but not a cent from him to oil my wheels, however hard they have run. So I have had to get along as I could, without proper instruction. But I begin to see indications in plenty, that the old gentleman is, on the whole, not a little proud of his boy. It will all come right in the end, I have no doubt."

The great object, the longing desire of his heart is, and long has been, to visit Europe and study in her noble galleries; and certainly neither Mrs. Johnson nor myself are likely to cool his ardor in this regard. I have no doubt that he will accomplish his wish, nor, if he does, that he will make a name.

The other day I lent him some of my manuscripts—"Signor Masoni," &c. Upon returning

them, yesterday, he said that there was one short episode in his own life, that, he thought, by dressing up a little, might be quite a story. Unluckily, however, there seemed to be no grand catastrophe at the end of it.

"Well, then," said I, "we will have some coffee under the big elm, and you shall tell me the story like an oriental professional tale-teller."

So as we sipped our coffee, and he wrought on a sketch in the shade, he told me the story, which I note down to-day, leaving the "dressing up" for a more convenient season.

"I suppose you remember nothing of the small sign of a couple of wood engravers, not far from your office, at the time you were upon that great New York newspaper?" he began.

"No," I replied.

"Well, I was one of them; for, getting discouraged in Boston, I accepted an offer to go on to New York, into the office of a capital fellow, who was married there, and doing a very good business. Our room stood high in the world, in one sense—say four flights—and under my window was a sort of court—a receptacle for old hogsheads, boxes, and rubbish of all sorts, such as is collected by grocers and small traders—an enlivening picture, and well adapted to arouse and strengthen the sense of beauty in an artist. Across this space I looked down a story, into the back room of a building fronting upon another street, where a platoon of girls were employed by an extensive wig and hairwork establishment. There proved, after a few observations, to be nothing very attractive to me there, and sitting with my back to the window, sometimes for days together I did not look out.

"One morning I was busy discussing some topic or other with my friend, and as we paced the room, we came to the window, and glancing down both exclaimed at once, as our eyes fell upon one of the most beautiful creatures that I have thus far seen in life. She was sitting at the window opposite, engaged in hairwork. She was of the dark-eyed, dark-haired order of beauty, with the very richest of complexions, her features not a little like those of the Dresden Murillo Madonna, judging from the engraving in your room.

"At our exclamation she glanced up, and her eye lingered a moment upon me with a sort of half recognition, as if she thought she ought to know me, although I was sure I had never seen her before. This was afterwards explained.

"Up to this time I had been heart-whole, my mind having been engrossed by my art, and my beau ideal never having appeared to me in the flesh. At this moment, as my eye met hers, I experienced that of which I had often read with a smile as being absurd. The sudden passion of Romeo and Juliet was now true to nature. Like the gasses in a receiver, all changed and combined by an electric shock, so it seemed to me as if, in the instant, all my hopes and ambition, all my thoughts and feelings, all within me, intellectual, artistic, moral, or æsthetic, was transformed and

combined into one all-absorbing, longing, yearning, burning love for that beautiful creature. Thousands have no doubt felt the same, but I do not believe that any one but he who possesses a very sensitive nature can feel it to that extent. She at that moment was all the universe to me!

"I look back at myself then, sometimes, with a smile, oftener with a shudder. When I read of the horrible crimes perpetrated by desperate lovers—men who have not the moral and religious principle to guard them in such moments of frenzy—from my heart I pity them. Why, in that one moment, all things in heaven and earth became of no account to me, in comparison with the delight, the joy, the all-surpassing happiness, which, as it seemed to me, even the commonest acquaintance, just sufficient to admit of formal social intercourse, with that girl would have afforded.

"For some days I could not work. My friend joked me upon my sudden transformation from a steady laborer, at my desk, into a 'lover sighing like a furnace.' But I was in no humor for joking. Who she was, what she was, whence she came—of all this I knew nothing—could think of no means of knowing. I knew merely, that plaiting hair, at that window, sat, day after day, a lovelier being than, in my wildest flights of fancy, I had ever conceived.

"At last I could bear it no longer. I had learned at school to talk with my fingers. I will try her with that, said I. A week, perhaps, had passed. I was early at our room, and saw her as she came with her work to her usual seat. She glanced upward, and I bowed. She returned the salutation very slightly, but with that incomprehensible look of half recognition in her face. In such a state of agitation that I trembled from head to foot, I raised my hand and began to spell out a question, the absurdity of which makes me laugh to think of it: 'Are you capable of loving?'

"She followed the motions with her eye, understood them, and with a smile spelled in return, 'Yes.'

"From this time our conversations were frequent. I told her who I was, what my business, &c., but received no such confidence in return. I urged my request for an interview, but four weeks passed before she consented. Then, at last, she gave me a name and an address, and appointed an evening.

"However ridiculous it may seem—but I was very young then, and lonely there in New York, and very much in love—I had looked upon it as a thing of course to become acquainted with her and offer her my hand. But now, when I was to meet her for the first time, to hear her voice, be with her, and talk with her, a reaction took place in my feelings. A thousand suggestions of prudence came rushing into my mind—stories of syrens and soul-murdering maidens—doubts of her, natural enough, perhaps, but why not before? She smiled and nodded to me as she left her work, both encouraging me and filling me with new doubts. After my supper I sat long discuss-

ing with myself the question: 'To go, or not to go.' At length I started up, with the old saying: 'Faint heart never won fair lady,' put a loaded revolver in my pocket, and soon rang at the door. What folly I had been guilty of! The result of the visit was in the highest degree in her favor, and thenceforth I was much with her. My wild passion assumed a rational form, as I learned to know her better, for I found her possessed of fine qualities, which caused me to respect as well as love her.

"In due time—or rather undue time—for I hurried matters, I suppose, I offered myself. She was violently agitated, turned pale and red, and at last, after a long and severe struggle, informed me that she was already engaged!

"What I said, as soon as the shock allowed me to speak, I have forgotten; but she buried her beautiful face in her hands, and with tears besought my forbearance.

"O, listen to me," she said. "You already know that I am from your own part of the country, a stranger without friends or acquaintances, laboring with my hands for my daily bread. Is it strange that I should have cherished your friendship, when I tell you that your extraordinary resemblance to him who has the promise of my hand, first led me to answer your communications from the window? Those conversations with our fingers, begun on my part more for a frolic than from any other motive, became a delight as varying the cruel monotony of my daily existence. How much more delightful has been our acquaintance since we met, I need not say. I saw your feeling, and have not had the courage to banish you and condemn myself to my former loneliness. You have seemed to me like a brother, and—mercy upon me—have become to me nearer than one. Oh, forgive me!"

"Whether I was the victim of artifice, or not, I cannot even now decide; but I left her with the understanding that, could she honorably release herself from her engagement, she would be mine. I had so strong a feeling of honor at that time, that when she told me, afterwards, that we must part, or, at all events, that she could not meet my wishes—and when I read her lover's letter, and saw in it his all-absorbing affection, I resisted all temptation, and, regardless of consequences, I had strength to do to another as I would have had him do had our positions been reversed. I gave her one burning kiss, bade her 'good bye,' and left the house as in a dream. But I awoke by degrees to a consciousness of a misery, an utter loneliness, a despair, so acute in its agony, that I shudder now to think of it. The world was to me one great blank. Since that time I have never spoken to her—have put eyes upon her but once."

Carey stopped here, turned to his drawing, and began to hum an air.

"Why, man, that is not all your story, is it? I am just getting interested. I want to know how you got over it; whether the girl married Number One, and all that," said I.

"The fact is, Brown, in telling the story it does not seem to amount to much after all; and yet it was of an immense import to me. As to myself, on leaving the house, I was, as I said, in perfect despair—the world a blank. I could not again go to my work. I could not remain in New York. Where to go? What to do with myself? California! Ho, for California!"

"I rushed like a crazy fellow to a relative, borrowed a few dollars, ran to my lodgings, paid my bill, packed up a few clothes, and thence to the boat, which I knew was to sail immediately. I reached the wharf, and saw her slowly steaming down the bay. It would be a week before another left.

"I crept slowly back to my office. I dared not look out of the window. I did not, although I had no reason to suppose that she would be there, having left her at home so recently. I sat down again, as in a frightful dream. I was alone, and the question went over and over in my mind: "And now, whither? whither?" I could not think; I could only feel. My mind was full of her beauty and my despair and the conviction that I must fly, as for my life. I sat brooding over the coal fire in the grate, and mechanically picked up a cigar from the table and a bit of newspaper to light it.

"Wanted! Draughtsman, &c., &c., for a Western city," caught my eye. The address was in Wall street. Down went the cigar. I caught my hat—down Nassau street—into the office—and in fifteen minutes I was under bonds for a year's service in a great civil engineering establishment a thousand miles away. A hurried visit home to Boston, for I was too restless to stay any where long, and then away for the West, night and day, fast as the wings of steam would carry me. Pale, thin, haggard, with purgatory in my breast, I entered upon my duties. Work, work, work—every moment not occupied with labor was torture. Happily I was free from any tendency to strong drink, and abhorred gambling in all its forms—else, in my condition then, I had been lost. Week passed after week, and no relief. Would a time ever come—could it ever come, when the wound would even superficially heal? Could I ever again be at peace? Oh, those nights! Tossing and tumbling upon my sleepless bed until I could bear it no longer, my imagination calling up all that had passed in New York, and presenting me ten thousand foolish schemes, not one of which would bear the cool reflection of the morning; then leaping from my bed, dressing, and hastening away to the lake shore, where I would walk back and forth upon the sands until sometimes daylight appeared in the East—then back to bed for an hour or two of restless sleep, then up and away to my work. Night, night, night within me. Oh, will it never be day!

"But I was not to be allowed even the poor satisfaction of being far away, and thus freed from the danger of seeing or at least of hearing of her. The cholera was daily drawing nearer, and I comforted myself with the thought that I was bound to stay where I was, could not fly from the danger, and had a secret satisfaction in the thought that I should very likely be among the first victims, in my disordered state, and so be at rest. The horrid pestilence came, but it avoided me. Oh, that I could die, was a vain aspiration. Men, women, and children, all around me fell— young and old, rich and poor, good and bad, the drunkard and the abstinent. I was with the dead and the dying. I took my turn in the temporary hospitals, as waiter and nurse. I saw sights dreadful beyond description—but like a shadow, as I had almost become, I walked amid the pestilence unharmed. Thus some three weeks passed away, and the suffering and misery

I had seen in others had a favorable effect upon my own.

"Now my employer was taken sick. He sent for me. To remain there, he said, would be certain death. Whether he lived or died he could not have the blood of his assistants required at his hands. He discharged my bonds, set me free, and ordered me to return home. All business had ceased; the destroyer's hand was upon everything. Work I must have, both for subsistence and as occupation for my mind; and so, hardly had three months elapsed from my departure, when I was again in my father's house—wretched, miserable beyond the imagination of any one who has never felt the same in kind if not in degree. But I must work. As nothing else offered, I took a room and began to draw portraits, sketch upon wood—anything which would give me work, work, work. I took pay when I could get it—wrought for nothing when I could do no better.

"As I look back now upon those six months, from my first sight of her at the window to the time when I was again at work in Boston, they seem like so many years—long years, too. This constant occupation, with the reflection that grief was useless; that what was done could not be undone; that the past could not be recalled; that indeed all was over—began to have its effect upon me, in relieving and restoring my peace of mind.

"Now, the desire to see him who was before me, and had been preferred before me; to know how he prospered, and to learn something of her, began to make me restless and unhappy. I knew his name, and that in person we greatly resembled each other. But where and how to find him!

"In want of subjects, I had painted my own woe-begone phiz, and hung it upon the wall.

"Hullo," said a visitor, one day, as he entered my room and cast a glance upon the pictures about; 'you have been painting Bigelow.'

"Do you know him?" I asked eagerly, for he was that other self whom I so much wished to see.

"Know him! We board together."

"Well," said I, 'that is not his picture—it is my own.'

"By Jupiter! so it is. But the likeness is astonishing. When he comes back to town I'll bring him up. He is in Worcester county, somewhere, but is coming down in the morning train on Tuesday."

"On Tuesday morning I was also in the train. I passed through the cars, and at length saw my man. Accustomed as I am to study faces, I was almost startled to see the remarkable resemblance between us. I sat down by him. How I introduced the conversation I do not recollect; but I surprised him by calling him by name, and afterward confounded him by talking upon his own affairs, until, as he has since said, he thought the devil must be in me. I soon saw that she had never told him of me, and therefore of my acquaintance with her nothing was said. Some days afterward he came to my room. During the interval he had written to her, and told her of the strange occurrence in the car, which had drawn from her some part of my story—but how much of it? I know not how or why, but as I became intimate with Bigelow, and gained his confidence, the thought, vague and indistinct, arose in my mind, that he too might find himself deceived. There was, perhaps, something in the



tone of her letters, of which he read me passages, which gave rise to this suspicion. Well, one evening I was walking down Washington street, near the theatre, just as the doors opened. The pang that passed through and through me, told who that beautiful creature was, so elegantly dressed, leaning upon the arm of a rather foppishly dressed stranger, and just entering the vestibule. I stood transfixed. For a moment, all my love, all my despair, all my agony, returned. Then I thought of Bigelow. I went into the theatre; found their seats, and obtained one near them. Of the play I heard nothing. I have not the faintest conception what it may have been, for all my thoughts, during the hour I sat there, were upon the sketch of that stranger's features, which I was making in my drawing-book.

"She saw me, and, poor girl, I knew by a hundred indications that her misery during that hour was as great as mine. She dared not allow her companion's attention to fix itself upon me, and by various means succeeded in preventing him from noticing me. When finished, I put it up, to her evident relief, and taking one 'long, lingering look'—the last—of that beautiful face, I retired, and left her to enjoy, as she might, undisturbed, her company and the play.

"The first time I saw Bigelow I handed him the sketch. 'Do you know the man?' He turned pale, and fairly trembled, nor shall I soon forget the anguish of his tone as he said, 'John Homans! That man will be the death of me.'

"In a few words, she, whom we had so loved, was poor, was beautiful, was vain, and loved show. That she had cherished a sincere affection for Bigelow and for myself, I believe; but a very deep one it could not have been. Such as it was she sacrificed it, to marry a man, who, as she supposed, was a man of fortune. In temperament, as in looks, Bigelow wonderfully resembles me; and we have both, by degrees, recovered from the blow. Doubtless the experience is for our good; but it was a hard—hard and cruel lesson to learn. Bigelow is engaged to a very lovely girl, not at all, though, like the old one; but still he feels, as I confess I do, that it would be a severe trial to our equanimity to meet Mrs. Homans, as her name now is. The last news we heard of her was to the effect that her husband, so far from being a wealthy man, is but an agent, with a moderate salary, and an indulger of expensive habits. Poor girl! if this is so, how sadly in the end will she be punished for the agony she inflicted upon us!"

I have not seen Cary for some weeks, at which I marvel, until this afternoon, and then only for a moment. I was at the post-office, when the carriage, which runs to the railroad station in the next town, drove up to take the mail in, and there he was. He hailed me.

"I have been up to see you," he said, "and was greatly disappointed not to find you at home. I have something good to tell you."

I stepped up to the carriage, and he, leaning down, whispered in my ear, "Brown, I am going to be married!"

"Ah ha!" said I, "another *grande passion*?"

"No, indeed," he answered; "that was a flame—a consuming fire—more the offspring of an artist's imagination, than of the heart. But now, my love is calm, pure, soul-satisfying beyond expression. Why, I am just the happiest man

living, and I want to talk it all over with you. My governor is all right now, and is to give me the means of spending two, and possibly three, years with my wife in Germany and Italy. I shall be off in a few weeks, and you must be sure and come to the wedding."

"But you have not told me who the bride elect is," I began to say, when a neighbor cried out, "Look out, there!" and another caught me away from the carriage just in time to save me from the wheels.

I am too feeble to walk much now, so I have bought me a Dobbin. He is a steady old goer, and has a remarkable talent for standing. I asked the jockey, "Will he stand?"

"Stand!" said he, "he'll stand to all eternity."

Seeing me smile, he corrected himself: "He'll stand till all is blue," said he.

This being satisfactory, I bought him. I have a nondescript vehicle also, low-wheeled, and with an entrance at the side; and Dobbin and the nondescript vehicle form my equipage, and I ride out in high state and grandeur. Leaving the post-office, I turned old Dobbin's head over the river, and made a call upon Mrs. Johnson, our music teacher. I loosened the check-rein, that the animal might crop a mouthful of grass; and strictly enjoining him not to overturn the vehicle, to which he replied by a wink of the eye and a whisk of his stumpy tail, I went into the house.

"Well, well, what is to pay now?" was my salutation, for Mrs. Johnson's face was half smiles and half tears; little Phoebe was sobbing, Sister Peters looked very grave, and Lizzy Smith, who was present, was both smiling and weeping more than all together.

"What under the canopy has happened, or is going to happen?" I continued. "You appear to be engaged in a feast of smiling and a flow of tears, as somebody does not say. Is this a house of mourning or of rejoicing? Just give me a clue and I will join in either? What is the matter?"

"We are going to lose Lizzy," said Mrs. Johnson.

"Lose Lizzy! Better blot out sun, moon, and stars! Lose Lizzy! No, no; it isn't so, is it, Lizzy?"

"I am afraid it is, Mr. Brown," said she, with a blush and a smile.

"The truth is, Mr. Brown," said our music teacher, "some one has been purloining that dear little heart of hers, and she is to be married."

"And who is the culprit, the criminal, the—the—well, there is no adequate term to express it!"

"You must ask a certain young artist, who has crept into our paradise, and stolen our loveliest flower. But he will return her again to us in two or three years, after she has exhausted the music and Art of Germany and Italy. And God grant them," added she, solemnly, "all the joys my husband and I had, a thousand fold, and keep them free from all the clouds which shadowed our path."

"Amen and amen!" said I.

Translated for this Journal.

#### Spontini in Berlin.

A REMINISCENCE BY A. B. MARX.

(Concluded.)

Such had SPONTINI become, and such was he entirely. One cannot say that he remained true to his mission; he was absolutely one with

it, it was his whole life and soul. That there existed at the same time quite other directions, and of a deeper import, was a thing as difficult for him to apprehend, as it is (in the bottom of their hearts) for all Frenchmen. It was not from vanity, but from the necessity of his point of view, that he once said to RICHARD WAGNER: "What is there that you would still compose? Would you have Romans? there is my *Vestale*; Greeks? there is my *Olympia*; Spaniards? there I have forestalled you in Cortez; in the fairy kingdom you find my *Alcador*; in the Middle Age, *Agnes von Hohenstaufen*." In all this he was as little able as any other Frenchman to perceive that he was at bottom the same Frenchman under all these forms. During our, I may say, intimate and confidential relations, I had sent him my "Art of Song," in which among some characteristic sketches of composers, I had made highly appreciative mention of his own Napoleonic stamp; he answered me evasively; "Why do you compare me to Napoleon? Is it in allusion to the disastrous end of that great man?" So remarkably were self-consciousness and self-reliance in him blended with suspicion.

In Paris he enjoyed the favor of Josephine; he was commissioned by Napoleon to compose *Fernando Cortez*; the Spaniards on entering under a Napoleonic dynasty would be inspired by recollections of their old heroic era, a thought soon abandoned when they raised themselves to a new one. When Josephine had to give place to another wife and retire to Malmaison, Spontini ventured, contrary to the will of the emperor, to seek to pay his court to her in faithful devotedness. Suddenly (so he has told me repeatedly himself) Napoleon stepped out from a side door into the ante-room, where Spontini waited alone. *Que faites-vous ici?* he asked in an imperious tone; *Sire*, answered Spontini, *que faites-vous ici?* Napoleon turned away at this allusion to his own inextinguishable feeling. Were the story nothing but a fancy of the composer, it would still be characteristic.

But now he had come to Berlin, invited and received with royal favor, richly endowed, distinguished by other princes and noble families, received with enthusiasm by the public, especially in his first works, and even honored in his last, *Alcador* and *Agnes*. He stood now in a high position, one of important activity, and yet free enough for great creations and for the comfortable enjoyment of life. He found the position suited to himself, and him to it; he also found fruits (at least in the happy first ten years) quite corresponding with his self-appreciation. Was he contented and happy? I scarcely think so. In the midst of all his activity and favor he remained a stranger, and that was felt.

Above all, one must say it was not his own fault. No Frenchman becomes a German, comes to feel at home in our language, in our Art; these remain strange to him, and their depth, like their excess of wealth, immeasurable. But least of all can so strongly stamped a character as Spontini come out of himself, as easily as those pliant half men, who know how to make their way in and through everywhere; even Napoleon never could go outside of himself. Probably this strangeness was the ever vibrating string, which, most of all, disturbed the harmony between the artist and the new world into which he had stepped.

He was celebrated, honored, found enthusiastic admirers, often carried away the full house with storms of applause; not a military parade, not a concert, not a court ball could take place without the melodies of his operas;—only into domestic intimacy he did not penetrate; there it was evident he was a foreigner, a stranger. And quite naturally. What was peculiar to himself, the seat of his power and greatness,—the broadly laid out warlike splendor, the pathetic choruses, the scenic declamation of his recitative, was excluded by its subject; his love arias (and what associates itself with them) estranged by their thoroughly French turn of feeling. As the Frenchman has no word for *Gemüth* (soul), so with him tenderness, love, enthusiasm are differently shaped and colored, more fine and elegant, but at the same time more external and unconsciously prepared for exhibition; tenderly breathing even to weariness, nervously affecting even to sickness; but there is no wholesome heart-beat of a heart all inspired and quickened by an emotion; one may recall in Chopin, Liszt, Berlioz (not to think of the cold, prim Auber, who never had such aim in view) hosts of examples of that national tone of feeling. Spontini, too, imbibed it, and it remained the ground-tone with him for this side of musical expression. Only in single passages did he raise himself (as Liszt has done also) far above the national limitation; as in the aria: *Wüste von Grauen*, in "Alcidor," and especially in a never to be forgotten passage in "Nurmahal." Nurmahal and her lofty spouse Dschangir, are present at the feast of roses, upon separate thrones, both noble-hearted, mutually in love, but now divided by the secret torture of jealousy. Between them floats in airy dance the young, light-hearted, unobserving court, while they, each isolated in the festal whirl, give vent to their suffering in half-heard sighs. And still wider swells the tide of the dainty dance, shimmering through the whole room; gradually the choruses grow softer, they are mute, the orchestra is mute,—upon that primitive sound of infinite yearning (the seventh—*e, d*) lingers and trembles the last sigh of the loving pair—and then, in malicious opposition, storms and crashes in the song of joy renewed with the wild outburst of the full music. It is just these deeper traits which have remained most unobserved in comparison with the mere showy masses.

It has been objected to Spontini, that he was no friend and furtherer of German Art. I could produce various evidence at least of his admiration for GLUCK, whom he praised as his forerunner, and from whom of course he deviated—as an Italian and a Napoleonides. But what resemblance could we expect to find between the great German, who could devote himself so pure and in quiet to his *Iphigenia*, a Spontini, into whose life the echoes of the Revolution and the blaze of the imperial time had struck! In that reverence and sympathy he was entirely naïve. With right good will, and (considering his direction) with noteworthy forbearance, he added instruments to *Armida*; Gluck, he thought, would have added them himself, if he had had them in his time. He gave me afterwards, in all innocence, a letter from a high (though not the highest) hand to read, alluding to the matter with this simile: the beryl is indeed a pleasant stone, but not to be placed beside diamonds. Spontini, with the strangest innocence, enjoyed the mark

of attention without feeling the sting, or he would never have shown the letter.

Did he understand and love German music as we do? What Frenchman or Italian can do that? What understanding is evinced by those performances of Beethoven's symphonies in the Paris Conservatoire, where they interpolated into the D major Symphony the A minor Allegretto of the Symphony in A major, because it was more "interesting"? Could we expect an élève of the Parisian stage to overlook the scenic deficiency of so many German operas, or the want of striking characteristic, for the sake of the finer and (with himself not current) richer elaboration of the music, and other excellencies strange to him, as to all Frenchmen? Have the German musicians ever forgotten his weaknesses but for the sake of his excellencies? Why had they called in a foreigner, if they wanted what was German? Surely, when a young composer of a rich and respectable family brought him (accompanied by his very intelligent father) a firstling opera, and he seized the young man by the wrist, and led him to the window (he lived on the Place des Gens-d'armes) and, pointing to the church tower, said: "*Mon ami, il vous faut des idées, grandes, comme cette coupole!*" (My friend, you want ideas, grand, as this cupola!), it did not contribute to his favor in the great circle of that house. And when, after the *Freyschütz* had been used, with the consent of the leaders, as a party manœuvre, he resisted the production of *Euryanthe* (whose dramatic defects must have been more obvious to him than its great beauties), who will judge him too severely, considering how he had the great school of rivalry in all its forms before his eyes in Paris, and how he had felt its pressure on himself? Are then the German musicians so magnanimous and full of help to one another, when they have to encounter dangerous competitors?

All that is past; whatever else he was, he surely was a strongly moulded character. His departure seem intended to disgrace him, through an ostracism wholly foreign to artistic matters, sprung from misunderstanding and intrigue;—he could not bow to it and still less change it. But it behoves the people of Berlin, who have so often surrounded him with jubilation, to hold his memory in high respect.

#### Violin Music.

*Different Pieces selected from the Works of the famous Violinist Composers of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries; with Concertante Parts added to the original Text of the Authors, and arranged for Piano and Violin.* By E. M. E. Deldevez. Op. 19.—Paris, Richault; London, Schott.

It is long since a book so interesting as this has come before us. It is long since we have seen the promise of a prospectus better fulfilled than by M. Deldevez, who here proves himself a conscientious student of the old masters, taken in hand. During late years there has risen up into the world the ingratitude of disowning our obligations to Italy, as the fountain of instrumental Art no less than of vocal charm and contrapuntal science. This collection reminds us how the great violin players of the last century were trained, since the absence of a name, which every one might have expected to meet in such a book—that of Sebastian Bach—amounts virtually to the exception which proves the rule; and Bach's violin music (let it be added) is not so much music for the student to form himself upon, as for the proficient to conquer.

The title of this work will go far to explain the amount of editing and amplification permitted to himself by M. Deldevez. Most that he has done seems to us well done; and as strictly permissible as the piano-forte part added by Mendelssohn to the Cha-

come of Bach, or (to take a widely different example) our own Mr. H. Smart's accompaniments to Handel's Chamber Duets. Since the art of playing for a figured bass has, comparatively speaking, fallen into desuetude—since the science of ornament, formerly thought an essential part of every executant's education, is now disdained by the bald pedantry of modern formalism—we must allow for the individualities—for the too little or too much of those who note down the glosses and decorations, which every thoroughly trained musician ought to be able to make for himself—and, possibly, never twice alike. With this preamble we shall take leave of M. Deldevez, and go hastily through his specimens and selections.

The volume opens, as such a volume should, with a *Sonata*, No. 1, Op. 5, by the sweetest, the most serene-tempered of musicians—Arcangelo Corelli—followed by fragments of his 5th *Sonata* (the tombstone *Gigue* included), and by the 7th *Sonata* from the same series. *Rococo* this music sounds, no doubt, to ears that prefer the freer forms of modern Art, yet its exquisite proportion and stately beauty are no less remarkable than the variety of the ideas, if they be stripped of their old Italian clothing. Such a melody, for instance, as the *Sarabanda*, in No. 7, would be fresh in any age of the world's music,—must have been little short of daring when it was written; and some quarter-of-a-hundred more, equally clear and delicious, could be cited from works which are not here. We pass the *Invenzione* by Bonporti, the Tristine amateur Aulic Councillor of the Emperor of Austria, for Geminiani's first *Sonata*, Op. 1, sixteen years later in date (1716) than the Corelli specimen,—sixteen years more enterprising, perchance, as regards display,—sixteen years weaker, certainly, in point of invention. Far more to our taste (in spite of all the trills which authenticate its parentage), is *Maestro Porpora's* 11th *Sonata*—a truly grand *solo* in the old-fashioned style. Next we come to something yet more curious, the *Aria* by Senaillé, (date 1726). This was one of the four-and-twenty fiddlers got together by Lulli for *Louis Quatorze* (whose number has passed into a by-word)—a Frenchman truly in this, that his music, though national, might never have been, save for foreign influences. The movement is tuneable, elegant, and graceful, of the family (though even more winning in melody) of the best harpsichord movements by Couperin. When we reach Tartini, however, we have, of course, something nobler and more definite, as befits one of the royalties of the violin. His 1st *Sonata*, Op. 2, and the varied theme from his 12th *Sonata*, Op. 1, are among the crown-jewels of the collection; the latter better worth taking up by any violinist in want of a *solo* (and essentially newer) than the *Rhapsodie* of the moment's frenzy, or the stale theme from "La Traviata," dressed up with sixty-times-told double-stops and *arpeggi*. Piano-forte players will understand us, if we call it a "Harmonious Blacksmith" for the violin. Locatelli's 5th *Sonata*, Op. 6, (1757), is more freakish, but also more feeble. We are at issue, too, with the taste of M. Deldevez, who in this, as in another excerpt or two, goes out of the way to distress the accompanist's nerves, by supporting a 12-8 movement in common tempo. The idea may have been to give an air of freedom and *tempo rubato* to the *solo*; but put into execution by average players, it must work badly. The *Allegro* to the 9th *Sonata*, Op. 1, by Somis (1722), might have been written with the design of its being accompanied with full orchestra, bearing, as it does, no small resemblance to similar movements in the *Concertos* of Handel. There is more fancy in the *Sonata*, No. 6, Op. 5, by Leclair, the pupil of Somis, who died, by an assassin's hand, at Paris, 1764, and who is referred to by all annalists and lexicographers as an artist having largely influenced French music. "La Gavotte" and "Le Tambourin" are excellent movements, both of them—interesting, as illustrating the inherently rhythmical tendencies of all French composers, whose school of music is built on the *ballet*, rather than on the poem. The "Tinna Nonna" (Lullaby), of Barbella, the Neapolitan, already transcribed (as the modern phrase is) in Burney's "History," is charmingly quaint—a movement which may pair off with the popular "Romanesca" brought into favor by M. A. Batta's *violoncello*.

We merely name Mondonville, Stamitz, Zimmermann, Guérini, Cupis de Camargo (a Belgian, brother to the famous dancer La Camargo) in passing: also the *Adagio* by Nardini (which, to our fancy, M. Deldevez has overloaded in his accompaniment). The 1st *Sonata*, by Gaviniès, is more to our taste, because more distinct in its features than any of the above, and because indisputably French. When we arrive at Pugnani, *Sonata* 2, Op. 3 (date, betwixt 1727 and 1770), we find something like the florid *adagio* and *allegro* of modern concertos. A *Sonata*, by Aübert, another French violinist—an *Allegro alla Marcia*, by Nofieri—so stately as to make us wish for a better acquaintance with its writer—an *Adagio* and queer



*Rondo*, by Lolli—an *Aria*, by Martini, lead us on to the last, and twenty-sixth, composition included in the series—a *Sonata*, by Viotti. Here we are on the ground of to-day; in the world where condiment is to be considered, rather than the fare to be dressed—where ingenious brilliancy of passage is brought forward *per se*, as the main object of interest, and where the humor of the singer is introduced into the instrumental melody. Graceful, delicate, brilliant, and reasonably well knit as this *Sonata* is, it is, at the same time, so much more flimsy as music, as to mark the point at which thought and executive display began to part company. This makes the name of Viotti a proper point of farewell and *finis* for a collection such as this by M. Deldevez.—*Athenæum*, Aug. 14.

### Verdi-ism on the Decline.

The reign of Verdi, according to the European journals, is about over. No composer ever went up so much like a rocket, scintillated and flashed into a thousand stars, and afterwards came down into cimmerian darkness, so much like a stick. The world fifty years hence will scarcely believe that we, the originators of ocean steamers, sub-marine telegraphs, builders of big Opera houses, and otherwise 'posted' on matters and things in general, should have ever endured his excruciating music. There are periods, occurring at long intervals, when a sort of disease seizes society. It runs five, ten, or fifteen years, when a healthy reaction takes place, and we come back to primitive sanity and common sense first principles. Such appears to be the movement which now agitates the musical world. Donizetti and Bellini, aye, even Rossini, so long shelved in favor of Verdi and Meyerbeer, are at length exhumed and pronounced worthy of production and admiration. Certainly this is a step in the right direction, and if we go farther back still, even to the days of Gluck and Piccini, we will find operas that equal, if not excel, anything of these modern times. Why not fight over again the battle of the Gluckists and Piccinists? Those who are well read in the history of music, know that original composition has not advanced as rapidly as science with its ocean steamers and ocean telegraphs; that music is the poetry of sound and the revelation of thoughts too deep for words; that its origin is coeval with the origin of man—perhaps even before man made his appearance on this little globe. Nearly a quarter of a century ago, one Mozart wrote "Don Giovanni," at which Italians have invariably laughed because he was a German, but which, by some hook or crook, still preserves its place even on the Italian stage, and will, for aught we know, till the end of time. Old things are not to be despised, and music is full of rich antiquities, which must some day or other see the light. An enterprising musical Ledyard, we trust, will soon turn up, who will dig away the black soil of forgetfulness which has so long covered these precious remains of ages more gifted in poesy and art than our own.

No sagacious opera manager in America will often attempt to place Meyerbeer on the stage. His operas are written for rare voices, and without such they are miserable failures. Basso profundissimos, like Formes, can alone sing Marcel in "Les Huguenots," and Bertram in "Robert le Diable." Five acts of common tragedy are weary enough, but five acts of tragic music are enough to set any one crazy. Besides, it costs (and impresarios well know what we mean by this word,) a plum to mount properly one of his operas. The orchestra and chorus must be doubled. Scene painters, scene shifters, and supernumeraries innumerable must be called into requisition. After all, what is it but a grand spectacle—something in the nature of an extraordinary display of fireworks, or a capital parade of the Seventh Regiment? Music plays second fiddle to tableaux, thinking people are disgusted, children are delighted, and the manager is ruined. Bravo! Kick Rossini, Bellini, and Donizetti into kingdom come, and let Meyerbeer rule the roast.

Mr. Ruskin has labored very hard during the last ten years, to prove that Turner excelled all the ancients and moderns in painting; and still dogmatically persists in endeavoring to cram down the throats of the people, at the point of the quill, the idea that Raphael was a booby, Michael Angelo an ass, Titian a ninny, Murillo a flat, and Poussin an idiot, in comparison with his beau ideal. The throat of the world has a marvellously small orifice, and Ruskin's quill has not altogether succeeded in cramming over a morsel or two down our contracted gullets. High art belongs to no century, whether in painting, sculpture, or music. The compositions of the last twenty years have sent us back a considerable distance, which we can only recover by recurring to first principles, and the sooner we do so the better. Any quantity of thievery and knavery will be unveiled, and much of the supposed originality of modern mu-

sical composers will turn out to be, after all, but plagiarism, a dye darker than Erebus. The music of the *Present* seems to be in a decline. The music of the *Future* we cannot pretend to understand. So, the music of the *Past* is all that is left us.—*New York Atlas*.

### Bosio in Boston. (1849.)

(From an article about the Opera Singers.)

And, first, of the "bright, particular star," Signora Bosio, or "My lady *Beaux-yeux*," as some New Yorker wittily and aptly hath it. For, those dark, speaking eyes, at once innocent and arch, are full of soft light and beauty as a gazelle's. The lustrous, massive, jet black hair reminds you of Milton's "smoothing the raven down of darkness till it smiled." The face, small-featured, pure-complexioned, beaming with intelligence, and changing with the quick and subtle play of feeling; the light and slender figure, at once lady-like and fairy-like, graceful, harmonious, *spiritual* in every motion; combine with a rare dramatic talent, and a voice fine, pure, penetrating, flexible, and of a most vital quality in all its tones (it is a high soprano), to make a *prima donna* such as we Americans have not before heard on the stage. The refinement of the woman and the versatility of the actress are equalled by the thorough vocal schooling of the artist. Her vocalization is faultless, her execution remarkable for ease and finish. Her economy of her voice is indeed consummate; in itself it seems but a fine, silvery thread of melody, yet, without overstraining, it is always ready for the most trying passages, and, as if by a spiritual reserved energy, it tells in the strongest and most impassioned bursts. Bosio is evidently a musician, and not, like many a *prima donna*, a clever singer by rote, with a dramatic turn. You feel entire reliance, therefore, on her artistic acquirement, as well as on her judgment and her feeling. All this completes and justifies the charm she exercises through certain of the higher and transcendent qualities of genius. She possesses the rare gift of imagination. You feel it in the versatility which enables her, like Madame Bishop, to enter into the very spirit and individuality of so great a range of characters, impersonating each to the life, be it a Zerlina, or a Lady Macbeth, or a Lucy of Lammermoor. We first saw and heard her, quite unprepared for what we were to witness, in the *Macbeth* of Verdi, and what was our delight and astonishment to recognize, in that slight and delicate woman, the real spiritual conception of Shakespeare's terrible heroine, as we had never done in any more masculine actress of the spoken drama! In her *Lucrezia Borgia*, it was the same sort of power, rendered the more interesting from the contrast of the demoniacally strong and wicked character with the delicately strung instrument that represented it. It was a spiritual creation; it seemed like magnetism; where the flesh seemed weak, the will was superhuman, and the visible weakness measured the invisible energy. As mere musical art, too, nothing could have been more complete and harmonious; it would have satisfied the composer. Again in another sphere of tragedy,—the sentimental and pathetic,—nothing on our stage has ever equalled her Lucia. Here it was not the harmony of contrast, but of identity, between the assumed and the real person. The native delicacy and slight form of the actress, were just what was wanted. The maidenly, sweet, mournful music of the character was embodied both to eye and ear. When it came to the mad scene, which had been a failure and a maudlin exhibition with most of the operatic Lucias, she rose to a pure height of art and genuine pathos. It was beautiful and real; there was method, music, in the madness; the sweet delirium was without drivelling and over-action. Here again you felt the spiritual element, the true poetic imagination; it was like enchantment; it had the strange fascination of a fine thing dreamed, but vanishing at the rude touch of most attempts at representation. And now, hear her in Mozart's dear little little peasant bride, Zerlina! Here the innocent, arch eyes are set in just the right head, and their timid, wandering, gazelle-like gaze is just in place. It would have drawn tears out of Mozart's eyes, to have seen and heard so perfect an impersonation of this little pet character of his. A nature of the utmost refinement, in peasant life and garb;—just what the music of the part indicates it to be; just that did Bosio represent and sing. And how exquisitely sweet and true and expressive was her singing of that music! It was the express ideal, the audible soul and vibration of the insinuating, pleading *Batti, batti*, changed to rapture with the success it felt quite sure of, and of that purest outpouring of the tranquil ecstasy of love in *Vedrai Carino*. Hear Bosio sing them, and you will know why these two simple melodies are immortal. And here we recognize in her another test of a

true artist. Unlike Italian singers generally, she can subordinate herself entirely to the music, and find her highest artistic pride and happiness in the precise intention and spirit of the composer. Mozart and Mozart's work, absorbs her, and she is too deeply, conscientiously, and fondly occupied to be striving for effect with ornaments and common-place cadenzas, as if the *prima donna* were the main thing, and the music secondary.—*J. S. D.*

**THE SENSE OF BEAUTY.**—Beauty is an all-pervading presence. It unfolds in the numberless flowers of the Spring. It waves in the branches of the trees and the green blades of grass. It haunts the depths of the earth and the sea, and gleams out in the hues of the shell and the precious stone. And not only these minute objects, but the ocean, the mountains, the clouds, the heavens, the stars, the rising and setting sun, all overflow with beauty. The universe is its temple; and those men who are alive to it, cannot lift their eyes without feeling themselves encompassed with it on every side. Now this beauty is so precious, the enjoyments it gives are so refined and pure, so congenial with our tenderest and noblest feelings, and so akin to worship, that it is painful to think of the multitude of men as living in the midst of it, and living almost as blind to it, as if, instead of this fair earth and glorious sky, they were tenants of a dungeon. An infinite joy is lost to the world by the want of culture of this spiritual endowment. Suppose that I were to visit a cottage, and to see its walls lined with the choicest pictures of Raphael, and every spare nook filled with the statues of the most excellent workmanship, and that I were to learn that neither man, woman, or child ever cast an eye at these miracles of art, how should I feel their privation; how should I want to open their eyes, and to help them to comprehend and feel the loveliness and grandeur which in vain courted their notice! But every husbandman is living in sight of the works of a divine artist: and how much would his existence be elevated, could he see the glory which shines forth in their forms, hues, proportions, and moral expression! I have spoken only of the beauty of nature, but how much of this mysterious charm is found in the elegant arts, and especially in literature? The best books have most beauty. The greatest truths are wronged if not linked with beauty, and they win their way most surely and deeply into the soul when arrayed in this their natural and fit attire. Now no man receives the true culture of a man, in whom the sensibility to the beautiful is not cherished; and I know of no condition in life from which it should be excluded. Of all luxuries this is the cheapest and most at hand; and it seems to me to be most important to those conditions, where coarse labor tends to give a grossness to the mind. From the diffusion of the sense of beauty in ancient Greece, and of the taste for music in modern Germany, we learn that the people at large may partake of refined gratifications, which have hitherto been thought to be necessarily restricted to a few.—*W. E. Channing*.

**A NEW PRIMA DONNA.**—(From the *Moniteur*).—The last competitions both in comic opera and grand opera singing, has shown that the Imperial Conservatoire has trained some beautiful voices; a few still crude and hardly free from their native roughness; others sufficiently cultivated to evoke ere long the plaudits of our leading theatres. First of all, we must congratulate Professor Révil, whose unprecedented triumph is well earned by his unremitting labor, indefatigable zeal, and unsurpassed efforts. Two first prizes, awarded unanimously, a second prize, worth as much as a first one, and an *accessit*, equal to a second prize: such are the results of this glorious campaign. In the ladies' class, the first prize has been gained by Mademoiselle Augusta Thomson, whom the Opéra is sure to lose no time in securing. She has a magnificent soprano voice, of excellent tone, great flexibility, purity, and vibration. She is said to be of Scottish origin, and has studied for twenty-seven successive months in Professor Révil's class, to whom the success of this pupil is pre-eminently due. Madlle. Thomson sang, in a most admirable manner, the grand scena from the *Huguenots*, "O beau pays de la Touraine." In the Gentlemen's Classes, the first prize was awarded to M. Hayet, also Monsieur Révil's pupil, who gave the air of "La Fiancée" with great expression. In the Female Classes, next to Madlle. Thomson, who *toto vertice supra est*, a second prize was divided between Mdles. Breuillé and Litschener. "We understand," adds the *North British Daily Mail*, "that Mdle. Thomson is the sister of Mr. James Thomson, the well-known Glasgow professor of the pianoforte, and that she has already been offered a handsome engagement at the Grand-Opéra, Paris."—*Lond. Mus. World*.

## Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, SEPT. 6.—STEFFANI, the new tenor imported by Maretzek, has appeared in *Rigoletto*, with the most complete success. He is a noble fellow, in every respect—with a splendid figure, a fine expressive face, a rich, robust voice, and an excellent method. In the duet of the second act, in the well-known *La donna è mobile*, and in the quartet of the last act, he was honored by enthusiastic encores. He is a treasure, indeed, and it is a rich luxury to listen to his full, manly tones, after having so long been accustomed to the sweet, effeminate pipings of Brignoli.

The entire opera was well given. Mad. GASSIER, as Gilda, exhibited more dramatic power than she has hitherto shown here. Signor ASSONI made a passable Rigoletto; and Miss PHILLIPS, in the insignificant role of Maddalena, was better than any other representative of the part that has appeared before a New York audience. How much this charming young singer improves, and what a treasure she is to both public and manager!

In a previous letter I mentioned a Sig. PIERINI, as a member of the new opera company, but attributed to him a tenor instead of a bass voice. This mistake the *Musical Review* of this city notices in the path-work of weak paragraphs which form its leading editorial, and like those learned commentators

that view

In Homer, more than Homer knew,

that journal assumes that Trovator had mistaken Mr. Perring for Sig. Pierini, and more than once alludes, with a sarcasm intended to be wonderfully withering, to the supposed blunder. The *Review* further remarks that both the news of the arrival and the name of this Signor Pierini, are of Trovator's own manufacture, which assertion only proves how little the *Review* knows of the matter; for a Signor Pierini did arrive a few days ago, and sings to-morrow night at the Academy of Music, taking the role of Basilio in Rossini's *Barbiere*. In mentioning this artist, in a previous letter, I fell into the error of attributing to him a tenor voice, but certainly never confounded him with Mr. Perring. So the blighting sarcasm and blasting irony of the astute *Review* are quite thrown away—quite so.

The new English opera troupe, conducted by Mr. H. COOPER, commences operations this evening at Wallack's theatre. The operas already announced are "Bohemian Girl," "Lucia," "Love Spell," and "Sonnambula." The tenor who rejoices in the singular name of Mr. MIRANDA, has been much puffed, but it is said that he will justify it.

AMODIO, who, since he has married an American wife, has almost settled down into a regular New Yorker, is in town, and promenades most indefatigably up and down Broadway. He is rehearsing with Mme. COLSON, of whose artistic abilities he speaks in the highest terms. LABOCETTA will be the tenor, and JUNCA the basso of the troupe, of which Colson and De WILHORST are to be *prime donne*.

TROVATOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SEPT. 7.—PARODI'S "Farewell Concerts"! *Parbleu!* how often already have those deceitful words, upon the huge yellow posters, cajoled us into the fond hope that the ponderous prima donna was about to close her professional career in this city. How frequently, at stated intervals, have the wicked, cruel newspapers hypocritically bewailed her departure from our shores to fulfil some lucrative engagement in foreign climes! And *voilà!* when we pictured her to our mind's eye, vocalizing the *Marseillaise* for the edification of a cockney audience in London, at that moment we are undecieved by the cruel posters, and discover her nearest to us. She may be in St. Petersburg, by report, but surely hovering near Philadelphia in reality.

Parodi loves the Quaker City; she kisses the very cobble stones upon its highways; she smiles enthusiastically upon the orphans of Girard College; sighs pensively within the romantic nooks of Laurel Hill; sings gratuitously for the inmates of the Blind Asylum; rates the Academy of Music a *ne plus ultra*; and vows Chestnut street to be the most magnificent thoroughfare in America.

*Eh, bien!* Why not? All capricious Italians anathematize or glorify temporary places of sojourn, in proportion with their success therein. Believe me, most worthy Journal, I, poor beggar that I am, would be thankfully content with but a tithe of the golden harvest which she has reaped in this same city of broad-rimmed hats and shad-bellied coats. Small wonder, then, that Parodi should regard this latitude as the veritable land of Beulah!

When, some years since, Parodi left the flickering foot-lights of the opera, and, by way of a concert repertoire, strung together some half-dozen Italian tit-bits, her lucky star at once shone forth with unwonted brilliancy. Fate threw her into contact with MAURICE STRAKOSCH, a very respectable pianist, and an exceedingly shrewd man of business, who engaged her for the varied fortunes of itinerant concertizing. The success of the two was positively wonderful! For nine weeks, at the rate of four performances per week, was the Musical Fund crowded with the élite and fashion of this city. Season upon season witnessed the same results. It was their wont (oh! infinite tact!) to be here, invariably, early in the fall, and to open the regular musical season at a time when the ultra-fashionable world, satiated with watering place dissipations, gladly patronizes a more refined and less exciting species of amusement,—and when those whose avocations have kept them pent up in the scorching city throughout the summer, pine for edifying entertainment as well as for cool weather. Then, at the time of the falling leaf, the troupe was accustomed to wend its way toward the sunny South, and, after luxuriating amid the warm influences and gay pleasures of New Orleans, and other cities, until after the ides of March, they would return with the early swallows, and tender to us another series of concerts prior to the summer solstice. Once, indeed, the dear public grew rebellious, and vowed itself unwilling to endure any longer the same repertoire, limited as it was to "Jerusalem! thou that killest," "Ah! mon fils," "Qui la voce," and a few other cavatinas. What, then, did her manager? Shrewd Strakosch! He appealed to that same patriotic and martial American spirit, which ever causes a gaping crowd to follow the stirring drum and fife, as the popular instruments squeak and rattle forth "Yankee Doodle," "Hail to the chief," &c., in the streets. In other words, the adroit manager, in lieu of placing a drum and fife upon the stage of the classic Musical Fund Hall, made use of a brace of Italian lungs, and used them to the same purpose. Identical was the effect. Crowds rushed to Locust street to hear their favorite Prima Donna shout forth "*Allons enfans!*" or "Home of de free!" in the *Marseillaise* and in our own "Star-Spangled Banner." What distinguished these crowds from the gaping boys and the regiment of loafers who follow the drum and fife in the street, but position in life and a little odd jewelry!

"Heavens!" said to me an enthusiastic individual, who then held high official position in the State House Row,—"*Heavens!* how that woman did fire me up with the last strain of the 'Star-Spangled Banner!' I shall take my whole family to-night! Such music inculcates the right feelings, and expands one's love of country! It makes us better Americans." And so he went on sputtering, prating, and belching patriotism until you would have thought that his stomach held ten kettle drums and fifty fifes.

Nor was this man *solus* in such absurdity. Thousands shouted with him, and paid their dollars with

blind enthusiasm for the stale *Marseillaise* and the much-worn "Star-Spangled Banner." Lucky Strakosch! how fascinatingly he was wont to smile over the sea of up-turned faces, as he sat down at the grand piano, prior to commencing "Lilly Dale, Tremolo." Well might he smile; and how natural to select that self-same *Lilly Dale* upon an occasion when clap-trap reigned rampant! And then Madame STRAKOSCH, whilom dark-eyed PATTI of the earlier Italian Opera troupes, even caused the waves of applause to surge still higher when, half-demurely, half-roguishly, she sang "Comin' thro' the rye," and "Within a mile of Edinboro'." But, pardon me all this badinage, most worthy Journal! My business, at the outset, was to mention that Parodi and her troupe are about to open the regular season here, on the 14th, to continue five nights. HARRISON MILLARD is also announced. We shall welcome him warmly, if he does not deem it a *sine qua non* to sing "Then you'll remember me." I have not the slightest doubt of the full success of the troupe; and I wish them all of it, for, even if I never become unduly excited by Parodi's singing, myself, I know them all to be a rather "clayver" sort of people, and indefatigably enterprising in their endeavors to cater acceptably to the tastes of the public. *On dit*,—that Parodi has grown rich; if so, allow me to say, in conclusion,—happy they whose genius lodges in their throats!

MANRICO.

ROCKLAND, ME., AUG. 30.—"The Divine Art" is flourishing among us. Within the past three years, quite an advance has been made in Rockland, musically. As the rush and din of an overdone business has subsided, time has been afforded for more genial employments, and the flow of sweet sounds, the attendant of a wise and wholesome leisure, forms a very agreeable change to the former state of things. The love of music has roused and strengthened, and a higher style of music is becoming popular. The Mozart Society, composed of many of our best musicians, have performed very creditably some of the productions of the great masters. There are several promising musicians in the bud among us, whose musical capabilities are being developed under the care of GEO. D. SMITH, teacher of the piano, organ, voice, &c. We have voices of fine capacity and of good cultivation, and the choir performances of some of our churches are worthy of mention. The Rockland Regimental Band, perhaps the finest field band in Maine, through their own enterprise, aided by the liberality of our citizens, have recently supplied themselves with a full new set of elegant and costly instruments at an expenditure of near \$2,000. Remunerated by a voluntary and generous subscription, this Band has given us a series of out-of-door summer-evening concerts, attended by large crowds of both sexes. Mr. Smith has afforded to our people several choice concerts, vocal and instrumental, of which the performers were all his pupils and amateurs. He recently brought out with great success Root's cantatas the "Flower Queen" and "Haymakers." Mr. Smith is not only a gentleman, but an accomplished musician, and a very successful teacher. Music is progressing rapidly in Maine, and, as philanthropists, we rejoice in it.

LEX.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 11, 1858.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—1. Conclusion of the Cantata: *Praise of Friendship*, by MOZART. This beautiful piece, consisting of chorus, recitative and arias, should be very useful in little musical clubs and circles. We commend it especially to college glee clubs, as it was meant originally for male voices (first and second tenor and bass); although it will answer well for female voices.



2. A charming little "Song without Words," for the piano-forte, from our friend ALFRED JAEHL, who sends it to us as a greeting from the midst of his European successes. It is one of Jaehl's happiest little efforts; but we do not quite fancy its long caudal appendage of a cadenza; that is where the fingers get the better of the brain.

### Musical Review.

Among the recent publications by Oliver Ditson & Co., are the following:

*Spring of Life*: a collection of Juvenile Songs, by FRANK ABT, English version by E. WIEBE.

Judging from the first number, which is called "Wishes," and which is a very bright and taking little thing, with a dash of child drollery, Abt has hit a true vein in these juvenile songs. It is quaint, original and pretty. The subjects of the forthcoming ones are "Snowball," "Postillion," "Spring Morning," "Boatman's Song," "The Charmed Violin," "The Parrot," &c., &c. Some of The Germans make good songs for children; they seem not to have outlived the fresh sense of wonder and drollery. We trust these little songs of Abt will prove so popular as to indicate a demand for some of the admirable ones by Taubert, which are at once childlike and artistic; that is, they are poetic.

*Germania*: New Vocal Gems from eminent German composers.

These are short and simple melodies, mostly of a sentimental character, judging from the three before us, which are: 1. "The May Breezes," by T. KREIPL; 2. "The Tear," by GUMBERT; 3. "O were I but a moonlight ray," by KUECKEN. These are all of the semi-Italian order of German melody, not particularly original, but tuneful and agreeable.

*Forget me not*: being No. 3 of Six Songs, by WILLIAM STERNDALE BENNETT.

Refined, delicate, and choice in melody and in accompaniment, as we should expect from the author.

*The Flower Greeting*: by CURSCHMANN, being No. 5 of Select Trios for Female Voices, pp. 7.

A flowing sustained melody is passed from voice to voice, the others accompanying, in the manner of many operatic trios. An agreeable and not difficult piece for concerted practice, and kept within a moderate compass.

*Le Chemin du Paradis*, (*The Way to Paradise*): a Ballad, music by JACQUES BLUMENTHAL.

This thoroughly French and sentimental ballad, here given with French and English words, had an immense popularity as sung in France and England by Sig. Mario, and is of a class sure to find many admirers; one of those things that admits of being sung with great pathos and "effect." We have spoken of Italian Germans in music: but here is one who, for the time, at least, seems to have been translated into a Frenchman.

### Musical Chit-Chat.

The musical drought continues. The Promenade Concerts wind up their successful season in the Music Hall, with number twenty-five, this evening. Nothing looms in the immediate distance but Mr. Barditt's monster brass band and cannonade concert, which is to take place on the Common on the 17th, that being the anniversary of Boston and of the erection of the Franklin statue. . . . We have received from a friend, who resides in Florence, a curious memorial of ROSSINI, in the shape of a sheet of music paper, which was sold with a quantity of others at the disposal of his effects, last year, at auction, he having decided to change his domicile to Paris. It was the remains of a quantity which an admiring nephew had had manufactured expressly for the composer, putting his portrait upon one side, as a water-mark, and on the other an inscription: *All' immortale maestro*, &c. . . The New York *Atlas* made haste to correct its over-

sight, in neglecting to credit the translation from Heine to our columns, even before it could have seen our reminder, in which we assure our neighbor there was no "spleen" at all, nor any slight meant in the allusion to the "ex-scissor-izer," thanking him at the same time for his complimentary recognition of our poor labors.

A letter from Newport to the New York *Tribune*, bearing Fry's initials, has the following:

We have had several concerts here. The Brignoli, the Amodio, singing of Italian angels and tempests in their cors, the eminent pianist, Mad. Graever Johnston, have all been at work. Madame Gazzaniga, whom grief, in opposition to the Falstaffian theory, has reduced in size, is also busy here with increased success. Albitre, looking genial as usual, and of customary weight, has been assisting. Miss Abby Fay, a Boston young lady, with a voice equal to any part in an opera as regards power, and with much execution, gave a concert. The Catholic chapel, whose prominent pews are essentially diplomatic, has been illustrated by the operatic artists. Signor Brigholi sang exquisitely the intensest part of the mass—an "Agnus Dei" "Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, have mercy on us!"—last Sunday to the delectation, and I trust spiritual edification of a highly intellectual and brilliant auditory. If this were the place, I would describe what the mass is, viewed as a spiritualistico-aesthetic symbolism, and how the efforts of great artists can set it off.

Of the sea—of that immortal and infinite principle of purity which it enforces; of the loveliness and strength which it affords to its loving disciples; of the sublime beatings of its great heart, throbbing with the grandeur of the Creator—a molten world in motion—a heaving universe of awful grandeur—let me not speak.

They had just one taste of German Opera in New York last week; but "one swallow does not make a summer." Willis says of it:

The new opera company have opened under favorable auspices at the Metropolitan Music Hall. A French opera, translated into German—Boildieu's admirable *La Dame Blanche* (*Die Weise Frau*)—was given on the opening night. French melody of the choicest kind, wedded to a German perfection of detail and orchestration, renders this one of the most attractive of all operas.

The audience was large and the performance beyond expectation good. The Germans sang music that they liked and in their own language—of course, therefore, *con amore*. The heartiness of the performance, indeed, was a little overdone, causing the music sometimes to be a little more boisterous than necessary. The spoken parts of the performance required rather more rehearsing. The orchestra was very fair, needing a few more violins perhaps. The overture was admirably played. The choruses were given with admirable precision by a fine body of voices. Mr. Pickanesser, the tenor, has a good organ which deserved better training than it seems to have received. Madame von Berkel sang and acted very well. We regret, however, that she forces her voice so much. Weinlich is an excellent basso; he also needs some subduing; in the sextet of the second act there was some evidence of this. Herr Graff has a voluminous voice and Herr Lehman possesses a good tenor, round and steady. Madame Pickanesser, by forcing her voice, sang somewhat out of tune. These blemishes, however, were slight compared with the merits of a first performance in which occurred no serious mistakes, delays, or failures. Alternatingly with German opera a French company performs in the same place, affording excellent opportunity to the New Yorkers to ventilate their knowledge of the French language.

—Since writing the above the new enterprise has been abandoned.

At the quarterly meeting of our School Committee this week the semi-annual report of the Committee on Music was presented. The *Courier* gives the following abstract:

From it we learn that more than one-half of the teachers are capable of instructing their pupils in as much of the elements of music as is required by the rules of the Board; and when the number of changes which are constantly occurring, by resignation or otherwise, is taken into account, and the understanding that in all future selections of teachers, their musical qualification shall be duly considered, the time cannot be far distant when the exceptions already alluded to will cease to exist.

But one opinion is expressed by the teachers as to the influence of music upon school discipline. Their united testimony is to the effect that it could not be dispensed with without a corresponding increase of disciplinary regulations, and that it exerts a soothing and healthful influence over every grade of scholars, from the youngest to the oldest; over the vicious, as over those well disposed.

The Committee have corresponded with instructors of schools in other cities, in order to inform themselves of the success of the systems there taught. In reviewing this correspondence, the Committee say that one striking fact appears to be prominent, viz., that wherever music as a branch of common school education has been fairly tried, popular sentiment, which is after all the only basis upon which the superstructure of common schools rests, is entirely in favor of it; and although its introduction, from ignorance or other causes, may have been opposed at first, the experiment once fairly tested, its strongest opponents have become its warmest friends, and most anxious for its permanence. Its importance as a branch of common school education seems also to be recognized in almost direct proportion to the degree of attention paid to it among the other studies of the school.

The Committee recommend no change in regard to the present course of instruction in our schools. They say that they have not been able to find anything in the methods pursued in other places, which they think can, with benefit, be engrafted on that which has been authorized by this Board. Indeed, they find that in those cities where the greatest results are attained, the lessons of the music teacher are given in the same way that is followed here.

We like to publish every example of the cultivation of a higher taste for music in social circles. By a right combination of means, with a high aim, and a little earnest perseverance, how much may be done in almost every village! A little club of young ladies and gentlemen in Hingham have been in the habit of making a concert once a week, at one another's houses, through the summer; each contributing at the piano, or with voice, her or his part to the programme of the evening, which is always regularly prepared. The selections are quite miscellaneous, but contain always a fair share of the best kind of music, such as must tend to mutual improvement. Here are three of them.

July 22. PART I.—1. Symphony, by Haydn, (arranged for 4 hands); 2. "Invitation to the Waltz" (piano), Weber; 3. Extract from *Lucia di Lammermoor*, Donizetti; 4. Extract from *La Straniera*, Bellini; 5. "Spirit Waltz," Beethoven; 6. "La Source," Blumenthal.

PART II.—7. Wedding March (4 hands), Mendelssohn; 8. Mazurka, &c., Goria; 9. Minuet, Mozart; 10. Sonata, op. 26, Beethoven.

Aug. 12. PART I.—1. Overture to *Zampa*, (4 hands), Herold; 2. *Marcia Giocosa*, F. Hiller; 3. Prayer from *Mose*, Rossini; 4. From *Don Giovanni*, Mozart.

PART II.—5. Weber's "Last Waltz"; 6. From "Daughter of the Regiment", Donizetti; 7. *Airs de Ballet*, from Rossini's "William Tell"; 8. *Il Desiderio*, Cramer; 9. Andante from Sonata, Op. 14, No. 2, Beethoven.

Aug. 26. PART I.—1. From *Belisario* (4 hands), Donizetti; 2. *Fille du Regiment*, Donizetti; 3. *Airs de pensiero*, from "Sonnambula", Bellini; 4. Gondola Song (without Words), Mendelssohn.

PART II.—6. Sonata, Mozart; 7. Aria from *Marino Faliero*, Donizetti; 8. *Brindisi* from *Lucrezia Borgia*; 9. Sonata, op. 10, No. 1, Beethoven.

These selections are nearly all instrumental. To make the thing complete there should be a choir or Glee Club also organized in such circles, in which Mendelssohn's part-songs, and such longer pieces as we have been publishing in this Journal, could be studied and performed to the general edification.

The New York Mendelssohn Union commenced this week their rehearsals for the season with the oratorio "St. Paul." At the Palace Garden, so called, they have music every night, under the direction of Mr. THOMAS BAKER, the great feature for this week, now that there seems to be a prospect of a new "heated term," being a gigantic "Drum Polka," by the Drum Corps of the 71st Regiment. . . . It seems there is a Signor PIERINI in Maretzek's Italian opera troupe, after all, and "Trovator" was so far right, and Signor PERRING has not parted with his birth-right of an English name like other foolish tenors; only it is as a basso, and not as a tenor that the said Pierini comes. He has appeared this week in the serio-comical part of Don Basilio in *Il Barbiere*; Mme. GASSIER being the Rosina, Sig. GASSIER, Figaro, and Sig. LABOCETTA, Almaviva.

Amateurs and artists of the violin will find the way to something good in their line in an article which we have copied from the London *Athenaeum* in another column. Organists also will see something to their advantage in an announcement which we clip from *Novello's Musical Times*:

HANDEL'S ORGAN CONCERTOS.—Mr. W. T. BEST, organist of St. George's Hall, Liverpool, has advertised his intention of publishing the first set of six organ Concertos composed by Handel, adapted as solos for that instrument. In this edition the figured chords are to be filled up, and the clavier marked, so as to indicate practically the manner in which the editor, after diligent study, has considered that these concertos should be performed.

## Music Abroad.

### London.

CLOSE OF THE OPERA SEASON. — Both opera houses are closed for awhile, after a season of bustle rather than of eminent musical interest. The last cheap nights at *Her Majesty's Theatre* showed, by their empty benches, that the attraction of Mlle. Piccolomini has passed its zenith. This must always happen when a false popularity has been wrought up, and we imagine Mr. Lumley will find it difficult to sustain another early campaign at low prices, unless he manages to find some new or real musical attraction. Of Mlle. Tietjens we spoke last week. Meanwhile, the *Royal Italian Opera* has kept itself up well till the last, in spite of the difficulties belonging to a first season, and of the *hiatus* in its company caused by the defection of Herr Formes. On the novelties given at either theatre — 'Luisa Miller,' 'La Serva Padrona,' 'Martha,' and 'Zampa,' — there is no need to descant anew. It will be enough to record that Signor Verdi has made small progress in England's good graces this season, — and that our disposition to try French opera is on the increase. To sum up, it is clear that what is most characteristic as music, or else, what is the best performed, wins the day, whether at dear or cheap prices of admission. The more moderate these can be made no doubt the wiser, but that one good performance is better worth frequenting than half-a-dozen bad ones, is a truth of which our opera-goers are more sensible than some have fancied.

It is said that an attempt at opera in English may possibly be made during the autumn and winter season in the new Covent Garden Theatre. — *Athenæum*, Aug. 14.

### Paris.

We are indebted for the following to the Paris correspondence of the New Orleans *Picayune*, dated July 29.

Ullmann is here, keeping his agents (the Franco-Italian office) busy ferreting out good voices. Heaven only knows what success he has, for the musical market is a present proof of the folly of political economists who tell us the supply is invariably equal to the demand. There are unfilled demands here now for a whole regiment of tenors, and none are to be found in the market. There are more black swans here than tenors. Here is the company engaged by the Italian opera for the next season: tenors, MM. Mario, Tamberlik, Galvani, Graziani (brother of the baritone); baritones, Graziani, Corsi; basses, Zucchini, Angelini; *donne*, Alboni, Penco, Grisi, Nantier, Didici, Rosa de Ruda, de Vienne. The new ballet at the Grand Opera, "La Sacountala," proves a failure; people don't go to see ballets for the purpose of studying Hindoo mythology, and seeing the "Old Hundred" and the "Dead March" danced by girls in short petticoats.

The Grand Opera is very busy making preparations for the winter. It has secured Mme. Carvalho (Mlle. Miolan of the Opera Comique) at the rate of 80,000 francs (\$16,000) a year, but for how long I cannot tell you. I shrewdly suspect, for no long period, as the composers and critics say she has not above six months of voice left her. The Strasburg geese died of dropsy, and the opera songstresses who attempt to make the human voice rival the violin and the flute, die dumb. Great luxuries are to be obtained only at great sacrifices. Mlle. Miolan's voice was too thin to fill the Opera Comique; I cannot conceive what she will do with it at the Grand Opera, unless the audience like homeopathy practiced in music. She will make her first appearance at the Grand Opera in M. Gounod's new opera, "Faust," she being *Margaret*. They intend bringing out M. Felicien David's long-talked of opera after the New Year's Day; they would bring it out before, but it seems the treasury of the opera has just enough money left in it to enable the opera to reach the 31st December, and it is desired to avoid a deficit. This new opera is now known as "Le Dernier Jour d'Herculeaneum," but it has a great many *aliases*, having been known as "Le Jugement Dernier," "La Fin du Monde," "Le Dernier Jour de Pompeii," and, I believe, the *Fin* or *Dernier Jour* of something else.

The Opera Comique is quite fortunate. It has discovered two new tenors in the Medical School here, and another in one of the Brussels Theatres. And as the latter (his name is Montaubry) receives 40,000 francs a year, the former thinks it much more profitable to pour music into people's ears than medicine down people's throats. Dissecting seems to have an excel-

lent effect on the voice. This theatre has almost in its hands a new opera, by M. Meyerbeer, "Le Père de Cornouailles"; The Cornish Shepherd. MM. Babier and Cordier wrote the "book." I question whether he will reap any advantage from breaking with M. Scribe. The latter, by the way, is angry with him on another score. M. Scribe wrote some months ago a Cornish "book" for M. Limmander, the composer, and it was about being given out to the artists of the Opera Comique, when M. Meyerbeer heard of it, and by accident came to Paris, and by accident dropped into the office of the manager of the Opera Comique, where he heard of M. Scribe's new piece. "You will, of course, have no objection to its being played?" said the manager. "As for dat," dryly replied the composer in his broken French, "I never gives advice; but den I forewarns you dat if one Cornish piece is played before mine, mine won't be played in dis theatre." Of course M. Limmander was put aside for the author of "L'Etoile du Nord." M. Duprez, once so celebrated for his *ut de poitrine*, gives every year about the middle of July, a concert at Isle Adam, a village north of Paris, of which he is the Mayor. It brings in to the poor some 1500f or 1800f, which proves more than enough for the purpose to which it is devoted, there being but four paupers in his village, and they live quite sumptuously on the four hundred francs a year he gives them by his concert.

At the Opéra Comique, Grétry's comic opera, *Les Méprises par Ressemblance* has been revived. This *comédie à ariettes*, as it is entitled by the *Revue et Gazette Musicale*, was brought out at Fontainebleau, before the Court, November 7th, 1786, and was introduced to the Parisian public on the 16th of the same month. It was very favorably received. Six years later, in 1792, when public opinion had declared in strong terms that the incidents of the libretto were not well adapted to music, the *Méprises par Ressemblance* was translated from an opera into a comedy, and produced at the Théâtre Montansier, under the name of *Les Deux Grenadiers; ou les Quiproquos*. This version of the original work held possession of the stage for more than thirty years. The Opéra-Comique restored the music in 1822, since which time it has not been performed in Paris. Its present production, if not likely to make the fortune of the theatre, will serve in the character of a novelty, of which the Opéra-Comique stands in great need just now. Although Grétry was in the zenith of his fame and powers when he composed the *Méprises par Ressemblance*, that work does not exhibit the same grace and facility as his *Richard* and the *Tableau Parant*. At the Grand Opéra M. Gounod's *Sappho* has been reproduced, "revised, corrected, and considerably diminished." The three acts have been condensed into two. The principal parts were sustained by Milles, Artot, Ribault, Sapin, and M. Aymés. We cannot see anything in this to justify the tone of triumph assumed by certain critics who regard M. Gounod as a genius of the first water. If *Sappho* in its original form had been good, it would never have been degraded into a "lever de rideau." — *London Mus. World*.

ZURICH. — The London *Athenæum* says: A friend just returned from a midsummer holiday confirms the accounts in foreign musical journals of the success and interest of the Singing Festival which was held at Zurich, on the 17th, 18th, and 19th of last month. The societies from many towns (some as remote as Strasburg and Innsbruck) made up a chorus of 4,000 men, and met in a large temporary hall, which, besides accommodating such a formidable battalion of tenors and basses, contained space for an audience of 12,000 persons. Many of the German *kapellmeisters* were present. Some of the idyllic singing was very good. The men of Berne got the first prize, those of Basle the second; but our friend particularizes 'Les Montagnards,' of Chaux de Fonds, as having "pleased the public the most," marking especially in the programme before us 'Le Chant des Amis,' by M. Ambrose Thomas, who, if we are not mistaken, is of Alsatian origin. "The popular singing," continues he, "was more or less a thorough failure. At the combined performance, well directed by Herr Heim, an amateur, the most striking piece was a Motet, by Bernhard Klein, although the fugue became very monotonous owing to the absence of other than male voices. The order was perfect," concludes our friend, "the splendid weather, the decorated streets and houses, the firing of cannons, the ringing of bells, all helped to give liveliness to the festival; and when I shall have forgotten all else, I shall never forget the tremendous noise of gaiety in the Hall at the supper after the concert — a *fortissimo* more merry and vehement than I had imagined possible."

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC, Published by O. Ditson & Co.

MUSIC BY MAIL. — Quantities of Music are now sent by mail, the expense being only about one cent apiece, while the care and rapidity of transportation are remarkable. Those at a great distance will find the mode of conveyance not only a convenience, but a saving of expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent by mail, at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that, double the above rates.

#### Vocal.

Beneath the Evening's last sweet Smile.

Franz Schubert. 25.

One of Schubert's choicest melodies. A Song full of pathos and dramatic expression, set to a beautiful little poem of H. Heine.

The Dreamer's Song, (I think of thee at morn.)

Karl Merz. 25

Pretty and touching.

I am dreaming, darling, dreaming. C. P. Rodifer. 25

The Return of the Tyroloese.

Malibran. 25

In the palmiest days of this distinguished vocalist she penned a few light pieces, with which to respond to the nightly "Da Capos" of her transported audiences. They are few, but they are gems. The "Rataplan," with which Parodi and others have sufficiently familiarized us, was one of these encore pieces. This is another: a light, brilliant Tyrolienne, concluding with a long, echo-like, mezzo-voce passage, sure to bring down the house. The piece is not difficult.

#### Instrumental.

Guipure Waltz.

H. A. Pond. 25

An easy and pretty piece for study or amusement.

Jeannetten Polka.

Kacerovsky. 25

The form of the Polka puts the fancy of the composer into such strict and narrow limits, that it is very rare, now-a-days, after Polkas have been written for nearly ten years, that anything turns up which has an air of freshness about it, and still is nothing but a Polka, made for people to dance by. This Polka has this something about it, this flow of life, and sparkling and light wreath of melodies which will make it known and popular as an "original Polka again." The arrangement is of medium difficulty.

The Dripping Well. A Reverie.

Gollmick. 30

It is related that Gollmick, one night in summer, was very much annoyed and irritated by an old well in his court-yard, which kept on running and dripping obstinately, all the time — now *ritardando*, then *accelerando*, now *forte*, then *piano*, changing time, tempo, and melody with a restlessness which was quite excruciating to the tired pianist. At last, as he lay there, and could not help listening and counting each drop, as it were, there began a melody to make itself heard in this trickling of the water, a quaint, capricious melody, gentle and strict sometimes, then starting off at a quick gallop, never ceasing, never resting. It went on a long while, and nobody to hear it but the restless composer on his couch. Of a sudden it stopped, and with it the well ceased to drip. The tone-poet started; he had been chasing that melody all the time, with all his senses. It did not escape him; he threw it on paper that very night. This is the origin of that charming tone-chase, "Dripping Well," as Gollmick relates it himself.

#### Books.

The Classic Glee Book. A collection of standard Glees, Madrigals, &c., from the works of Calcott, Horsley, Webbe, Stafford, Smith, Attwood, Danby, and other celebrated composers, ancient and modern.

50

This compilation has been made from the works of the most eminent composers. The music has not suffered from the mutilating spirit of this progressive age, when every novice recognizes in himself the embodiment of all musical art, and undertakes to polish sunbeams and paint lilies. In this collection it is pure, unaltered, and such as its composer intended it should be; and will doubtless be duly appreciated by admirers of the genial, hearty melodies of Old England.



